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# THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

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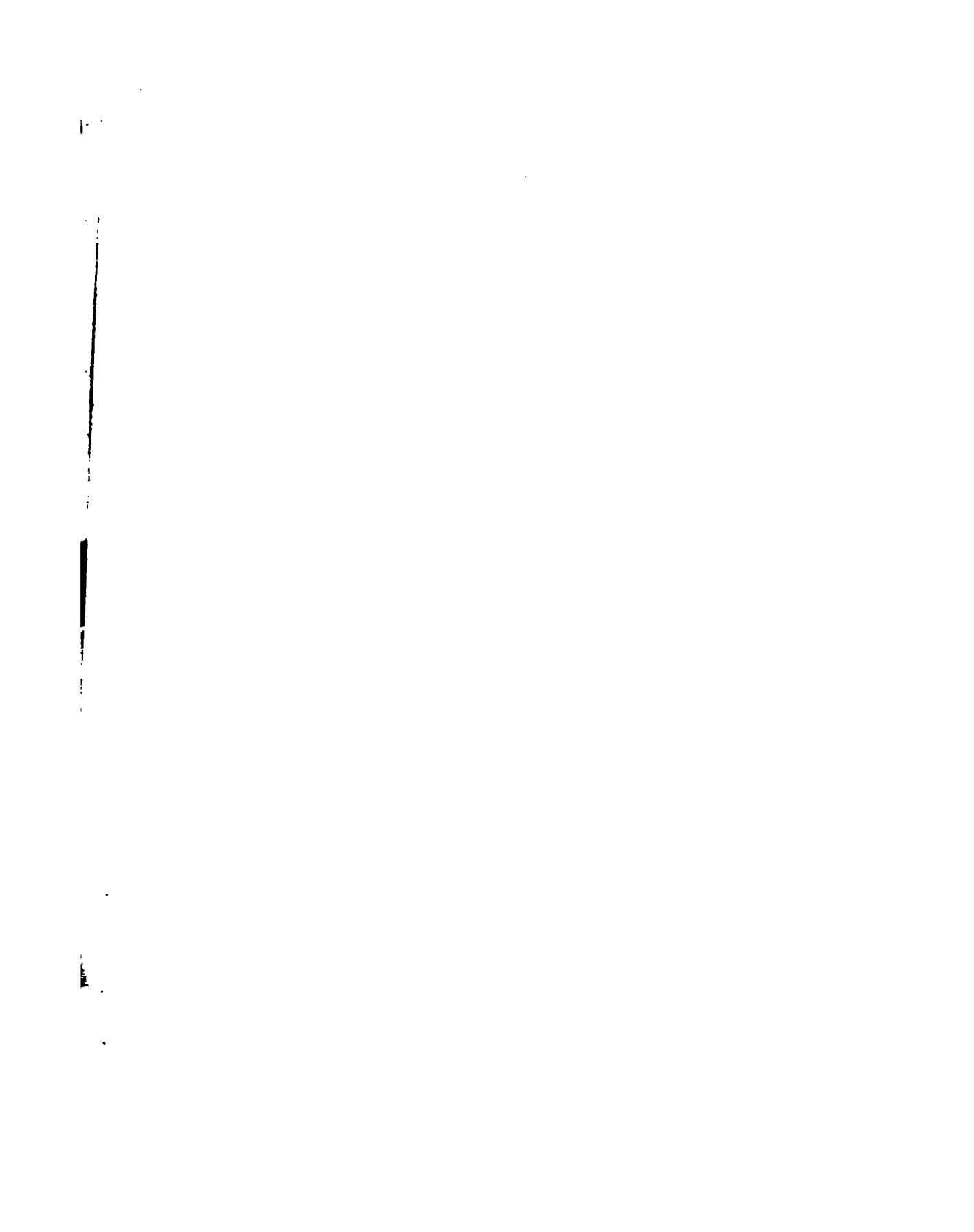


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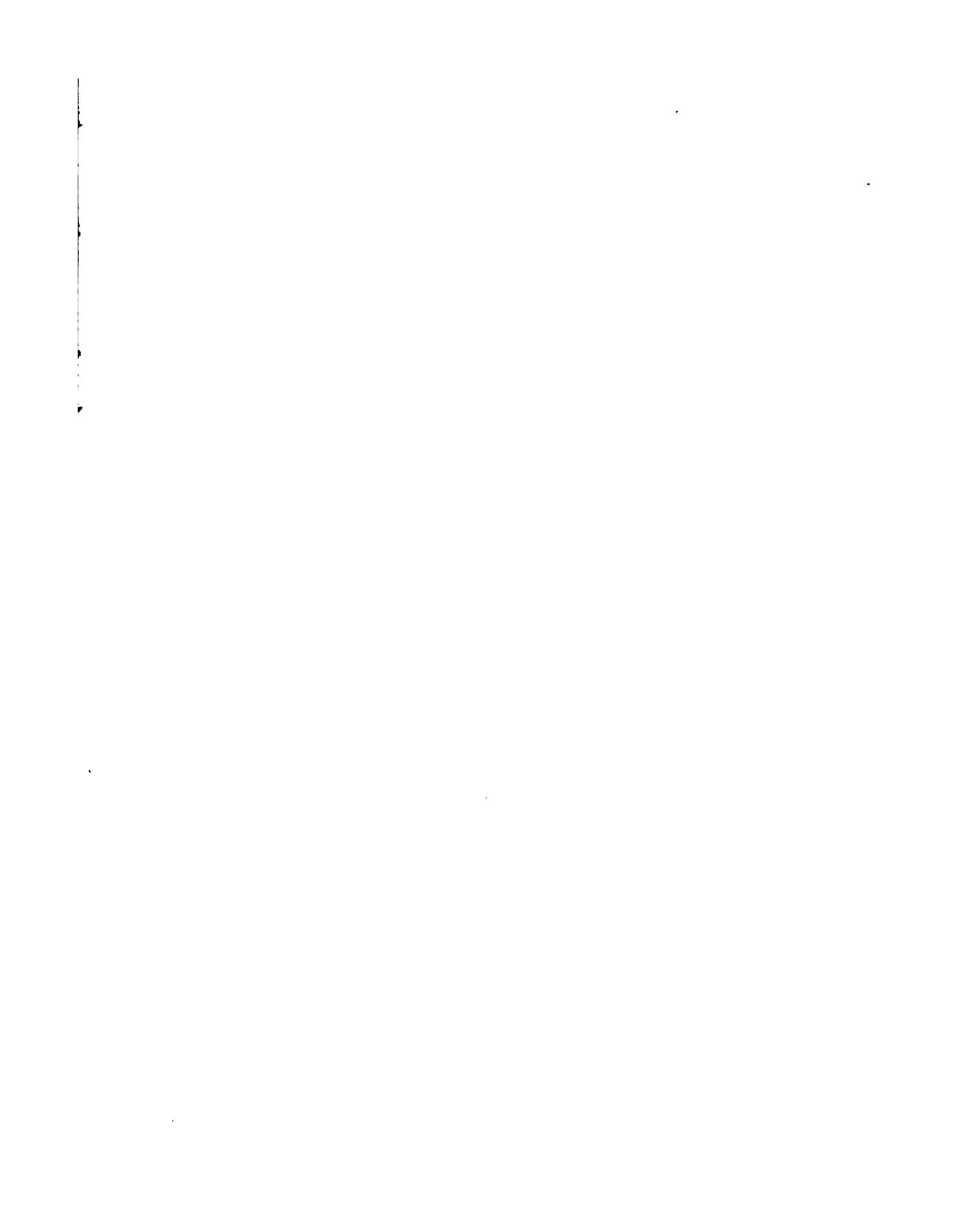
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# **THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER**

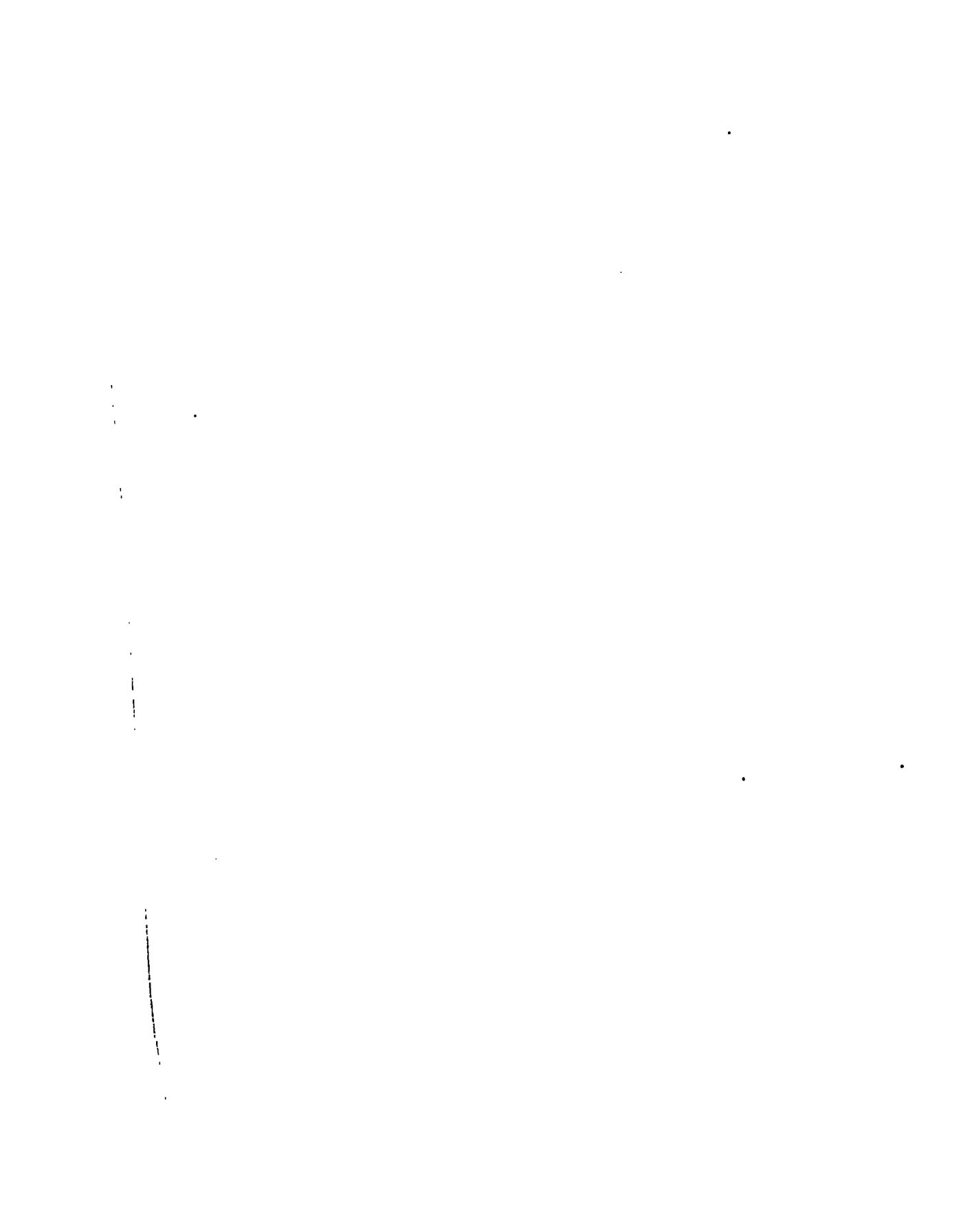


# **THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER**









*"It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three."*

# THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



ILLUSTRATED by HERBERT COLE

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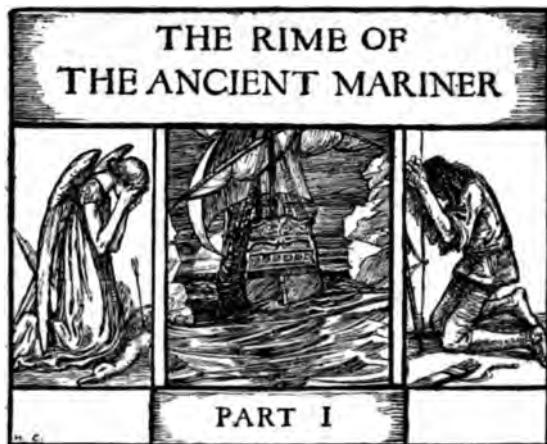
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T is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of  
three.  
'By thy long gray beard  
and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou  
me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
Mayst hear the merry din.'

A



*"The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose, is she :  
Nodding their heads, before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy."*





Walter L. Colle. Pl. 16



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

2

He holds him with his skinny hand ;  
‘ There was a ship,’ quoth he.  
‘ Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon ! ’  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The wedding-guest stood still,  
And listens like a three-years’ child :  
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner :

‘ The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he ;  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

3

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon'—  
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she :  
Nodding their heads, before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear !  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner :

' And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong ;  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

4

And forward bends his head ;  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold ;  
And ice mast-high came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy cliffs  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around ;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

5

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,  
And round and round it flew ;  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends that plague thee thus !  
Why look'st thou so ?'—'With my cross-bow  
I shot the albatross.







HE sun now rose upon the  
right ;  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the  
left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe ;  
For all averred I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

7

“ Ah, wretch !” said they, “ the bird to slay  
That made the breeze to blow ! ”

Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,  
The glorious sun uprise ;  
Then all averred I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.

“ ’Twas right,” said they, “ such birds to slay  
That bring the fog and mist.”

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free ;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
’Twas sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.



Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink :  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : alas !  
That ever this should be ;  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.



*"Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young  
Instead of the cross the albatross  
About my neck was hung."*





Walter L. Colle Ph.Sc.



THE ANCIENT MARINER

9

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root :  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the albatross  
About my neck was hung.

?



B





## PART III

HERE passed a weary time.  
Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed  
each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye!  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

II

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist ;  
It moved, and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

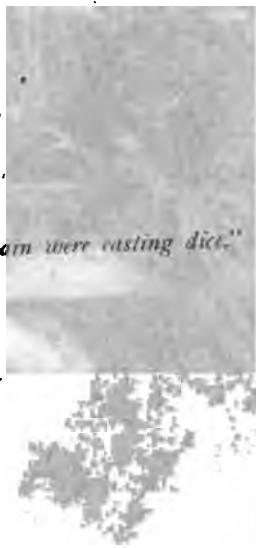
With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ;  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried : “A sail ! a sail !”

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call ;  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

“ See ! see ! ” I cried ; “ she tacks no more !  
Hither to work us weal,



*"And the two am were casting dice."*







Walter L. Colly No. 5c



Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold ;  
Her skin was as white as leprosy ;  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thickens men's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
“The game is done ! I 've won, I 've won !”  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark ;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up ;  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip.

The stars were dim, and thick the night ;  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;  
From the sails the dew did drip—



Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropt down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul it passed me by  
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!







FEAR thee, ancient Mariner;  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and  
lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand !

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'

'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.



The many men so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie ;  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on : and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away :  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gushed,  
A wicked whisper came and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they ;  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.



An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide ;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,  
Like April hoarfrost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmèd water burned alway  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watched the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.



Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire ;  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blest them unaware :  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blest them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The albatross fell off, and sunk  
Like lead into the sea.







SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise  
be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep  
from heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,  
And when I woke it rained.



My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind ;  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life,  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;  
To and fro they were hurried about,  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;  
The moon was at its edge.



The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The moon was at its side ;  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,  
Yet never a breeze upblew ;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes  
Where they were wont to do ;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.



The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me knee to knee :  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.'

' I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! '  
' Be calm, thou wedding-guest,  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,

1

How they seemed to fill the sea and air,  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments ;  
Now like a lonely flute,  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased : yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid ; and it was he  
That made the ship to go.



The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean ;  
But in a minute she 'gan stir  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length,  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound ;  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoon.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard, and in my soul discerned,  
Two voices in the air.

" Is it he ? " quoth one ; " is this the man ?  
By Him who died on cross !  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless albatross.



*"The other was a softer voice  
As soft as honey drew."*





Gustave Doré



The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew ;  
Quoth he : " The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."







FIRST VOICE

**B**UT tell me, tell me, speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive  
on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE

Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,  
For she guides him smooth or grim.



## THE ANCIENT MARINER

27

See, brother, see ! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.

### FIRST VOICE

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ?

### SECOND VOICE

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind !  
Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high,  
Or we shall be belated ;  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on,  
As in a gentle weather ;  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :



All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,  
Had never passed away ;  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt ; once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made ;



Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—  
Yet she sailed softly too;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray:  
“O let me be awake, my God,  
Or let me sleep alway!”



The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn ;  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock ;  
The moonlight steeped in silentness,  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were :  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Alas ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And by the holy rood,



A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood!

This seraph-band each waved his hand,  
It was a heavenly sight ;  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sunk  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the pilot's cheer ;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast ;  
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.



I saw a third—I heard his voice ;  
It is the hermit good ;  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood ;  
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away  
The albatross's blood.







HIS hermit good lives in that  
wood  
Which slopes down to the  
sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice  
he rears !

He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump ;  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak stump.



The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk :  
“ Why, this is strange, I trow !  
Where are those lights so many and fair  
That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith,” the hermit said—  
“ And they answered not our cheer !  
The planks look warped ; and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere !  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were  
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along :  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look,”  
The pilot made reply—  
“ I am afeared.”—“ Push on, push on ! ”  
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred ;



The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams myself I found  
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.



I took the oars : the pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro :  
" Ha ! ha ! " quoth he, " full plain I see  
The devil knows how to row ! "

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

" O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! "  
The hermit crossed his brow :  
" Say quick," quoth he, " I bid thee say  
What manner of man art thou ? "

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns ;



|| And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land :  
I have strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden bower the bride  
And bridemaids singing are :  
And hark ! the little vesper-bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me



To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest !  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'—

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.



*"He went like one that hath been stunned  
And is of sense forlorn."*





*Walter S. Cole, Ph.Sc.*

Q 11

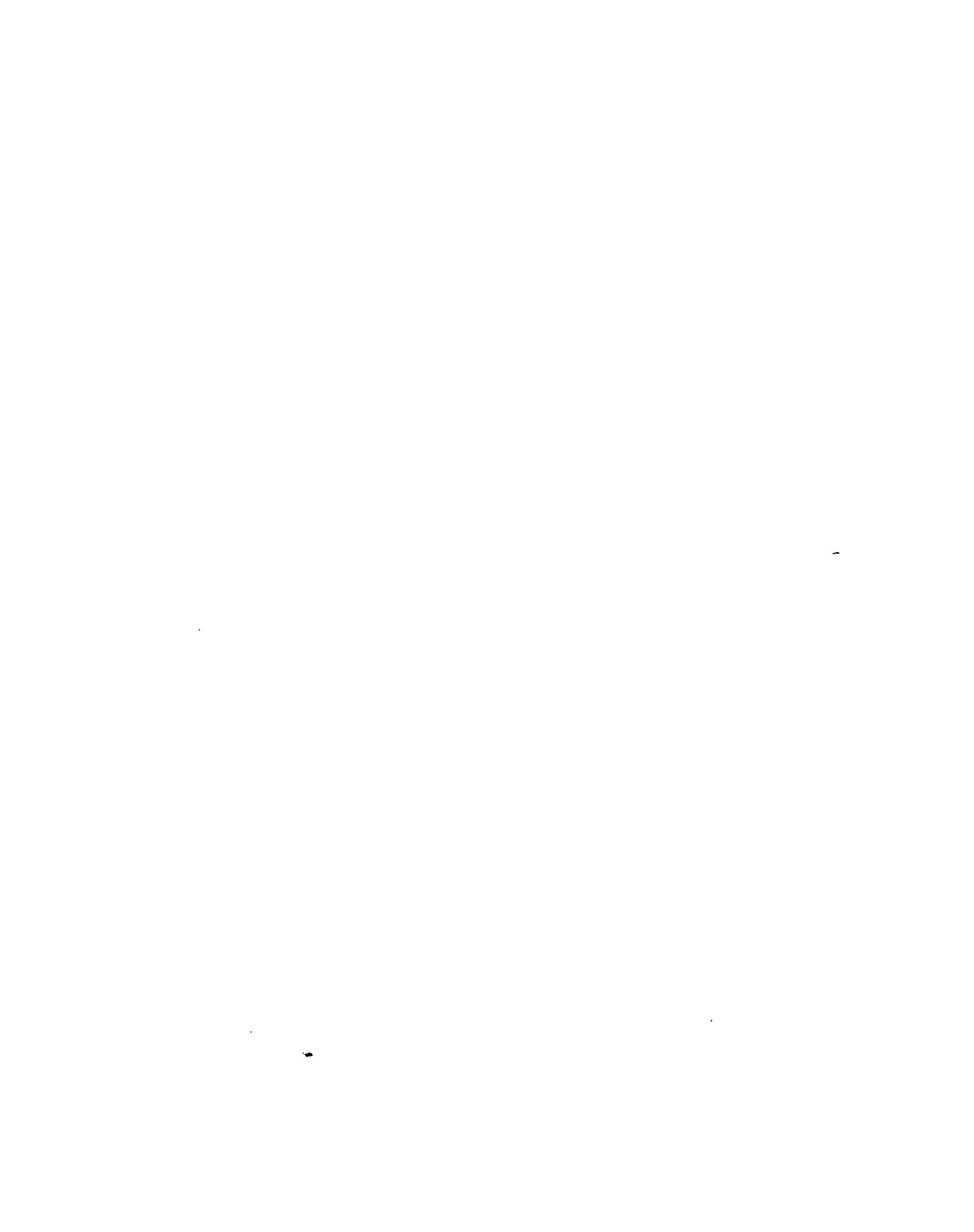
He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

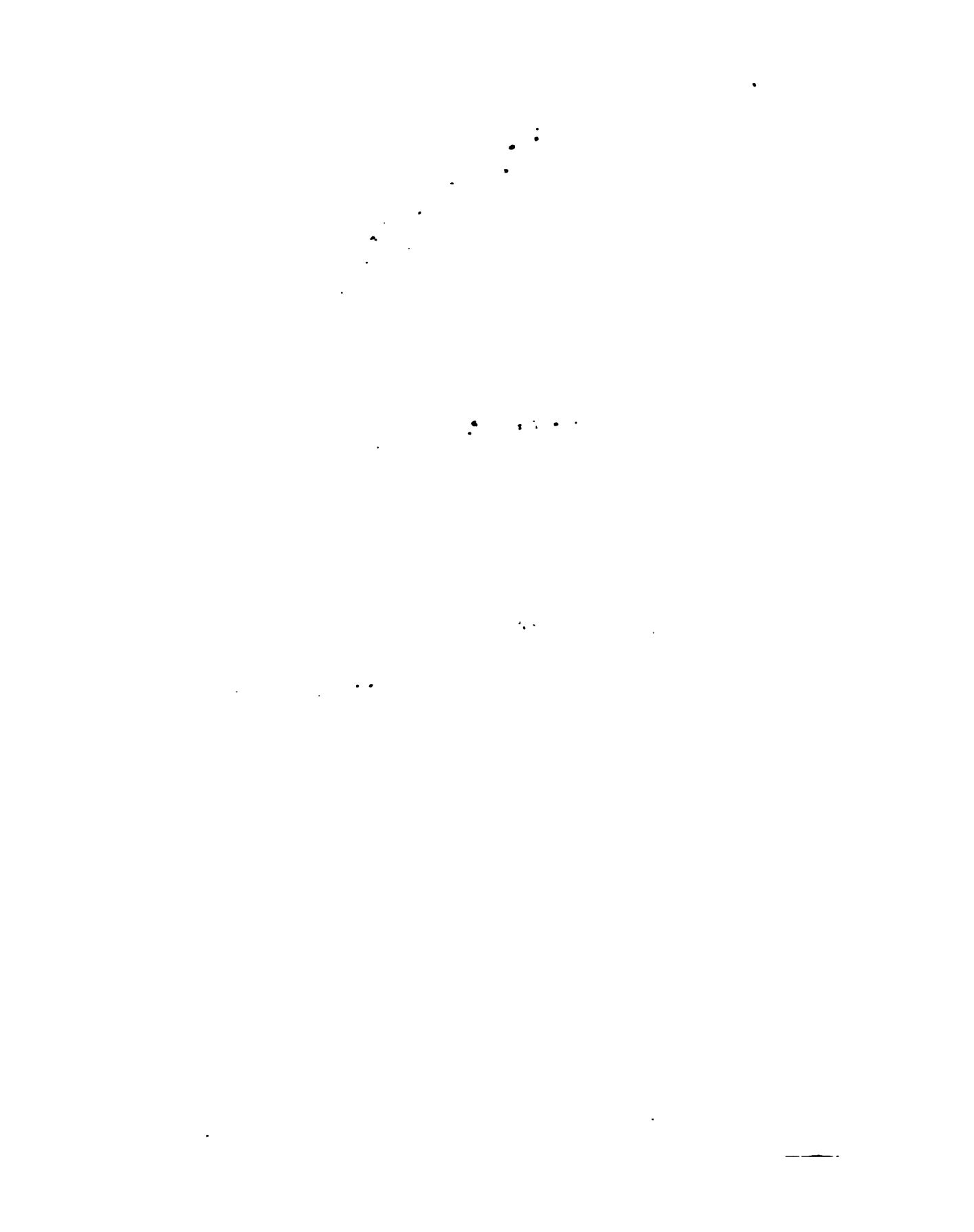




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